

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

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The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

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The Stories from Rennes.

Not in a spirit of boasting, but as a contribution to the full appreciation of a memorable historical event, the Journal ventures to call attention to the extraordinary quality of its reports of the Dreyfus trial. To say that no other paper in New York received accounts approaching these in quality or completeness is to carry moderation to an almost unjustifiable excess.

In its four pages of cable dispatches from Rennes the Journal covered the case from all sides in the most authoritative way. The stenographic report of the proceedings enabled every reader to form his own opinions on what was actually done. The messages from Captain Dreyfus and his wife and brother told the feelings of those whose personal stake in the issue was the greatest. Mrs. Emily Crawford gave the view of an unprejudiced foreigner.

But the most remarkable thing of all was the pair of contradictory impressions contributed by Georges Clemenceau, one of those devoted partisans of the prisoner who, as he himself puts it, "for eighteen months have not allowed one day to fall into the abyss of the past without claiming as loud as his voice could reach, 'A new trial for Dreyfus,'" and Henri Rochefort, who calls Dreyfus "the Benedict Arnold of France," and declares that "the scoundrel should have been shot when the first court-martial condemned him."

In these two dispatches we can read the feelings that have distracted France. Rochefort's incandescent invective, especially, is worth reading, for it helps to explain the mystery of the desperate opposition in France to any mercy for the supposed traitor.

Rochefort evidently knows America well, as his apt allusions to Astor and Alger prove, and his plea is skillfully addressed to our national sensibilities. And when he complains that he was exiled to New Caledonia for merely writing his opinions in favor of human liberty, while "only a similar punishment was meted out to a man who sold the nation's heart's blood as complacently as his Jewish brethren sell old pantaloons," we can understand the rancor of his feelings. But his loss of temper and his abuse of the judges betray a consciousness that he is on the losing side. It will be interesting to see next week whether he will stand by his despairing predictions of national destruction if Dreyfus goes free.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SOLDIER.

There was a letter in yesterday's Journal from Private John J. Doran, of Company M, Thirtieth United States Infantry, at Manila. It was not a very polished letter, but there was a good deal in it for those who could appreciate it.

Private Doran was not complaining because he had no chance to be the ice man, or because the rain in the Philippines was wet, or because war was not one delightful, long drawn chowder party, or because he had made the horrifying discovery that some of the participants in a battle got shot. Nor was he one of the lying skulkers who delighted in curdling the blood of the gaping home circle with circumstantial accounts of the ravages of themselves and their comrades among helpless Filipino women, children and prisoners.

No, Private Doran has no complaints and no fairy tales to offer. He wants only one thing—some letters from home—surely no unreasonable desire. "I remain," he says, "a defender of our glorious flag and country, and am ready and contented whenever my services are needed for my country."

That is the kind of men we need in the army. Those who regard a war as a large personally conducted excursion should stay at home.

BRIDLING A MONOPOLY.

The British Government has reached a general agreement with the colonial authorities on the subject of the construction of a Pacific cable. The Eastern Telegraph Company has attempted to forestall the work by announcing that it is prepared to lay a cable from South Africa to Australia without pecuniary assistance of any kind, and that on receipt of landing rights for the new cable it will forthwith reduce the Australian rate to four shillings a word.

Thus the mere prospect of Government competition has brought an old established monopoly to terms. Our method of dealing with the subject, in England's place, would be somewhat different. We should probably give the old monopoly a subsidy to lay the new cable and then let it raise the rates.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MOTORMAN.

How long does it take to stop an electric car when it is running on the rails? Would not the brakes and reversed current be able to stop such a car within a hundred feet if it were not going at an excessive rate of speed?

Since locked wheels will slide a certain distance along smooth rails, but will not slide readily across ties, would not the brakes stop a car more quickly after the wheels had jumped the track than while they were on the rails?

If the car at Peck's Pond bumped along the ties for a hundred feet after leaving the rails and then had momentum enough to jump over a guard rail, is it not reasonable to suppose that it had been going excessively fast and is it likely that the current was reversed and the brakes were applied?

DISCIPLINE FOR CHILDREN.

The Evening Journal is asking fathers and mothers to reply to this question: "Have you brought up children wisely and well, without breaking their spirit or losing their affection?"

Without doubt there will be many answers, for the subject of child training is one of world wide and never ending interest. The ideas upon this subject change with the progress of humanity. Just now we are shocked by the many court records of the brutality of parents. Once such cases would not have been heard of, not because they did not happen, but because they were so common as to attract no attention.

Fifty years ago the question of the Evening Journal would not have been asked. To break a child's will was considered a proper part of his training. To-day the intelligent parent strengthens the child's will and teaches him to control and direct it. Formerly children were taught that it was their duty to love their parents and God would punish them if they did not. Parents to-day know that they must win and hold the affection of their children. If they do not deserve it they will not get it.

The question of the Evening Journal offers an opportunity for successful parents to help those who are still struggling with the difficult problem of child training.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has announced that she is to marry Lieutenant Cornwallis-West, who is twenty-five years her junior. There is no longer any reason for a woman to seek to conceal her age. She loses nothing of beauty and charm as she matures, and gains greatly in tact and knowledge. Lady Randolph Churchill is acknowledged a handsome and attractive woman at an age when her grandmother was relegated to caps, glasses and the chimney corner.

THE MOST PROMINENT JEWS of Berlin held a meeting on Sunday to discuss the plan for the purchase of the island of Cyprus, with the view of establishing a Jewish colony there. They wisely decided to express no opinion. The Jew is well able to take care of himself and needs no assistance from promoters of colonization schemes and so-called "communities." He is doing very well where he is.

THE BROOKLYN TROLLEY JUGGERNAUT last Sunday claimed its two hundred and fiftieth victim. Incidentally there were injured on that hot-

day fifteen people, not including one baby. In each case but one a falling overhead trolley wire was responsible for the various tragedies. The people of Brooklyn can give Job points on patience.

MARSHALL, FIELD & CO. warn employees not to marry, and discharge those who do. This is paternalism, but it can hardly be said to manifest fatherly affection.

The Knowledge of Immortality.

Editor of the New York Journal: May I say a few words in answer to a recent editorial in your paper, entitled "Flammarton's Search for Immortality?"

Your readers know that the Journal's aim is to add something to human happiness—to say some cheering words to those of the millions of its readers who are so filled with the necessarily important affairs of this life that but little leisure is left them for thinking deeply. Especially upon so abstruse a subject as the problem of existence in the hereafter. To such, Mr. Editor, perhaps your words on this subject may have conveyed the impression that the immortality of the soul is yet an unsettled question, needing yet some further revelation from the invisible world to justify a confidence in it.

But, Mr. Editor, you know as well as I know that the knowledge—mark the word, not belief only but knowledge—of immortality has been in possession of the human race as far back as the records go, and I would assert that the revelation of immortality is made from the invisible world to individuals day by day and year by year by the divine mind.

There is no need to wait for the next century. Six thousand years ago the priests of Egypt taught the highest spiritual truth that mankind can conceive of, and there are here to-day those who never heard of that to whom the same light has come.

Those ancient teachers, seeking to uplift the lesser minds around them, taught the light they themselves had received—that the messenger Thoth would come at the last hour to take back the soul to its source, back to the presence of Ptah, the Eternal One, LIFE.

Four thousand years had passed when Thoth, the messenger, appeared in Christianity as TRUTH (natural law). And nineteen hundred years after that some one wrote of death's bright angel. Those all are one.

To-day many readers of the Journal who have never entered into a discussion on theology in their lives are as conscious of a future life as they are of their present day to day existence.

That knowledge comes as a gift from the unseen world. Though given to some only in this life, there is for that a reason. But it must come to all before the final passing.

New York, July 28, 1899. MAURICE JEPPI.

Malthus Right in Principle.

To the Editor of the Journal: Malthus was perfectly right in his principle, but, being ignorant of economics, misplaced the blame on nature instead of man's greed.

The result is the same, whether nature denies her bounty or man's greed prevails.

What do we behold to-day? Granaries filled to bursting, with millions of hungry men tramping the country. Is such a state of things in accordance with the purposes and laws of the Infinite Supreme Being? Can any one uphold such a social state? Is it not criminal for poor people to bring children into the world while the social conditions in which we live exist? Malthus, in his ignorance, lay the blame to the Creator, instead of man's selfishness and injustice.

Moreover, the Church is largely to blame, since it has always taken sides with the rich as against the poor.

With his ignorance and his unutterable misery the laborer has been comforted with empty stomach and empty Scriptural phrases such as "The Lord will provide," "Be fruitful and multiply," and in their simple, ignorant faith they have believed the wretched clergy. God the infinite, God the good, God the wise, in his boundless provision has given the earth to all men, not to a few, and more than abundantly supplied the wants of man. But man, in his wickedness, in his ignorance, has enslaved his fellow and robbed him.

Not all the knowledge of God shall cover the earth and the genuine Christianity is manifested—Socialism—shall we have a change for the better. In the meantime, the countless hordes of children growing up will render the fight for existence something horrible, and the condition of Rome at its fall will be duplicated.

WILLIAM SAUL.

Miles the Man to Lead.

Editor of the New York Journal: I believe it to be the demand of the people that General Miles be sent to take supreme command in the Philippines.

But the political intrigue that has prevailed at Washington since the beginning of the war, and which still dominates everything, has deprived the nation of his splendid abilities in the wide field of action which the great office he holds guarantees him as a right.

Our soldiers are brave and their officers capable, but the leader who can grasp the entire situation and plan and execute a campaign that will terminate these hostilities is lacking. The people of the whole country know General Miles to be such a leader. They want the persecution of the political intrigue to cease.

Let General Miles personally deliver a written ultimatum to the President and those in authority with him demanding that he be given the full powers vested in his high office and that he take personal command at Manila. They dare not refuse him. One hundred thousand volunteers will rise spontaneously to offer their services, the country will be reassured, the right will note with satisfaction that the American army has a general.

Let General Miles' ultimatum be that if they do not grant these demands they accept his resignation. THOMAS H. CHAPMAN. Pittsburg, Pa.

Let the People Choose Every Appointment.

Editor of the Journal: Now that the law gives to the people an opportunity to declare in favor of certain principles, those who openly espouse them should be allowed to have secured to them the right of determining who should represent them in every way. By our present system the selection of those who are to represent is confined to a few heads of departments only, and a large number of appointments are vested in them. This creates an unusual power, and gives a mercenary quality to the result of the franchise.

Every appointment should be chosen by ballot by those of some political party, and not by those in exalted position alone, every power remaining vested in the people. By this means the wage earner is on an equal footing with the wealthy few, and it divests the franchise of every mercenary quality, inspiring effort and love of country.

To this end we would respectfully request the Committee on Platform to formulate a proper expression to be ratified by the people. BENJAMIN C. SMITH.

To Convention of 1898.

Burnside's Men Defend Him, but No Soldier Defends Ours.

Editor of the New York Journal: In your last Sunday's paper, in your description of General Ours, you spoke of his resemblance to General Burnside, "a military failure" and "not a great man." I want to say that if you will look up history you will find that his North Carolina campaign was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war, and the fact that he was Governor of Rhode Island for four terms, and also United States Senator, and that the people of Providence have erected a grand monument to his memory, shows that he could make some pretensions to greatness. ONE OF BURNSIDE'S SOLDIERS.

HE SEES HIS FINISH—THE LITTLE END.



THE "AMBASSADEURS" AND YVETTE. WHAT A FALL FROM \$16,000 A MONTH!

PARIS, July 29.—I can't think of any place at which the enfeebled Summer intellect can enjoy itself better than the Concert des Ambassadeurs, in the Champs Elysees. Nothing ever happens there. Nothing would dare to happen there. The Parisians stroll in to digest their dinners, and so unexciting is the performance that, in my opinion, they could digest old boots or iron nails while they were about it. The Ambassadeurs looks like a roof garden away from the roof, with its circles of light, its foliage and its little tables. But it doesn't feel like a roof garden. The beauty of the New York open-air entertainment is that the programme generally contains a great deal that is conspicuously bad, and you are therefore afforded the luxury of indignation. After all, it is very comforting to be able to say of the different features, "Isn't she awful?" or "Can you imagine anything worse?" or "What a voice!" or "What a figure!" If you have enjoyed yourself at a New York roof garden you like to believe that it is due to your charming disposition, your equable temper, your distinct disinclination to ruffle yourself.

At the Ambassadeurs it is different. Everybody circles around the point of mediocrity. Nothing but "comic" songs are offered, and they are all very much the same. If you don't understand French you are just as well off. A few words suffice. The men singers are all fat and uncouth. They always sing about some "petite fille" that they have met on the top of the omnibus or at Auteuil or in the shops. The "petite fille" winks at them, and they follow her, and she is very charming, and chic, and amusing—and there you are! These "comedians" wear bulging clothes and tiny hats and all the accessories of accepted comedy, but the songs are all alike, and you needn't bother about them. You can calmly pursue your own thoughts, perfectly convinced that the song is neither good nor bad, but just a fitting ditty for the legerdemain of the Ambassadeurs.

The feminine contingent is equally indifferent. The women all wear very handsome dresses out to the Anna Held length. These dresses are made to lift up. Nothing could induce the Ambassadeurs ladies to leave them quietly hanging. They are raised to display garters, lingerie and tights, while the ladies, in harsh voices, tell you about a beau garçon who has made them the court, and whom they call pathetically "mon gros chien," or "mon petit."

At the Ambassadeurs last night the main attraction was Yvette Guilbert, who, when you come to think of it, is really very little more than one of the damsels to whom I have just alluded. Yvette would have had a fit and would have torn her hair if anybody in New York had suggested to her that she sing in the open air. I wanted to hear her once more, but to do so I had to wade through twenty-two "turns," all so very much alike that I really can't recall a single feature worth comment. It made me smile when I thought of Yvette at the Savoy Hotel in New York, Patti and Sarah-Ling herself with all the graces imaginable. I remembered how she condescended to receive me in her boudoir, how flunkies brought up cards and letters requesting interviews, and how the



Yvette Guilbert.

great lady posed and enjoyed herself. What fools we make of them in New York!

At the Ambassadeurs Yvette followed a loud-voiced person who sang "Gloire a Marchand" and an energetic "gent" who exuded a ditty entitled "Savez-vous c'qu'il faut faire?" in a most democratic manner. As the star of the evening, beautiful star, they allowed the sliding roof to slide over the atmosphere for her benefit, and they put a few lights and mirrors on the stage. But Yvette at the Ambassadeurs is a very different person to Yvette at Olympia for \$16,000 a month.

She has not altered very much. I don't suppose she will ever alter. She wears a green dress, black gloves and orange hair, and she went passively through her repertoire. One of her songs was sung to the air of "There'll Be a Hot Time." The others were the familiar affairs couched in the

jargon of Paris and sung with quaint little inflections of voice and weird gesticulations.

Yvette was not enthusiastically received. At the end of each song she broke into another, and when she had rushed through her list away went she. The Parisians had finished digesting their dinners by the time she appeared, but they were not inclined to disturb themselves.

Another "turn" familiar to New Yorkers was that of Eugene Fougere, who used to be very popular in New York. Fougere now calls herself "chanteuse internationale." I don't know why, except that it sounds rather nice. She wore a very startling dress, cut short and looped up very rudely at the back, as though she had forgotten to pull it down. The idea of this dress would please Edna Wallace Hopper. Fougere sang a number of songs of the style that I have described and set to a tum-tum-tum that was exceedingly banal. Among the men were three types who called themselves "les minstrels parisiens." I think they were meant to be funny, but I am not at all sure of it. One of the songs they sang was illustrated by pictures. They showed a gentleman embracing some other gentleman's wife; the surprising of that gentleman in embarrassing circumstances by the lady's husband, and finally the guillotining of the illicit person, whose head was seen daintily falling into the appointed basket. These "minstrels" were all made up grotesquely. If there had been one more of them I should have called the "turn" a quartet. Quartets haunt me and always have haunted me. There was very little to distinguish these minstrels from the quartet fends save the absence of one.

However, the Ambassadeurs is a place in which you can make a noise if you like. That is something. You can shout at the top of your voice and nobody will ever bother to look at you. You can tell the story of your past to your best enemy and the performance will go on just the same. You can drink anything, from syrup to cognac, without violating any traditions. You can come late and go early or vice versa. In fact, the Ambassadeurs is very free and easy. You can dress up for it, or dress down to it, just as you like. The Parisians like an evening at the Ambassadeurs, because it promises nothing and vouchsafes nothing. It is so charmingly situated in the Champs Elysees that the noise of Paris is inaudible, and you can imagine yourself in a glade for a few hours. But it is a good place for enfeebled Summer intellectuals. Even an idiot could satisfactorily put in his time at the Ambassadeurs. ALAN DALE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BURGLAR. EVIL RESULTS OF CHAFING DISH COOKERY.

"SO you actually had burglars last night?" shuddered the girl with the eyeglasses. "And I suppose that Beauty saved your lives by her barking. I've just come from next door, and Evelyn told me that they heard him, and—"

"Locked their doors!" broke in the young woman with the tawny hair. "Er—was that all she told you?"

"Not quite. She said that the only thing which prevented her husband from coming to your rescue was the fear that his life insurance policy had lapsed, and he couldn't bear the idea of leaving her to face life alone without even the money to buy the finest mourning. Lovely of him, wasn't it? But, oddly enough, the receipt for his last payment on his life insurance came in the first mail this morning. He must have quite forgotten that he had paid it."

"I see. But tell me about the burglars. Do?"

"I will. Arthur said he would be home quite early, and I knew what that meant, so I seized the opportunity to invite Nell and her husband and Irene and Mr. Dallery to a little chafing-dish party. Arthur hates them all, and somehow he is not very fond of my chafing dish cookery, either. They came, and—"

"Then I hope you got out all of your prettiest linen and silver. Nell has a way of examining everything as thoroughly as if she was your maiden aunt."

"Alas, I did. Well, I cooked a lot of things, and soon after eating them the guests hurried home. I didn't feel very well myself, so I just fed the scraps to Beauty and went to bed, leaving the table just as it was for Nora to clear away in the morning. She had given warning, anyway, so it doesn't matter."

"And did Arthur come before you?"

"No. I went to sleep immediately and dreamed of the check I meant to have in the morning."



"Seizing one of Arthur's Indian clubs, I ran out on the landing."

Beauty was strangely wakeful, though he usually sleeps all the night, unless some one actually treads on him."

"Instinct doubtless told him there was danger," suggested the girl with the eyeglasses.

"Arthur said it was the rarest, dear. At any rate, I was finally awakened fully by his barking."

and oh, Helen! I could hear a man's voice on the stairs!"

"Mercy! What was he saying?"

"I have been too well brought up to repeat what he said. I just lay there bathed in perspiration and wondering if Arthur would be home in time to see me die!"

"Gracious! But you?"

"Didn't die. I know it. I suddenly remembered that Arthur still insists that Nita's hair is all her own, though I have conclusively proven to the contrary dozens of times. Now, I didn't mean to give him the chance to marry her, so I sprang out of bed, whisked on a dressing gown, and, seizing one of Arthur's Indian clubs, ran out on the landing from whence the noise came, and threw the club right at the tall form I could dimly see wrestling with Beauty."

"And I suppose you hit the cut glass chandelier in the lower hall, and the landlord will make you pay for it?"

"I did not. I hit—"

"The burglar? You don't say so?"

"But my own husband, and—"

"I hit I thought you said that burglars were—"

"I did. Arthur had been in bed a couple of hours when he heard noises downstairs. He slipped out into the hall, and Beauty, not recognizing his step, flew at him and caught him by the leg. Then I followed with the Indian club! In the confusion the burglars got away with everything portable. Then the neighbors came in and found that I had nearly killed Arthur, and—"

"Mercy! And the two Brown-Stones had been at the same bachelor dinner, hadn't they? What will they think of you?"

"I'd rather not know," wailed the young woman with the tawny hair. "Arthur can only talk out of one side of his mouth to-day, and he keeps mumbling something that sounds like 'divorce'—I don't believe he really means it, though, do you?"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.